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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

INTO THE SUNSHINE

AND

OTHER POEMS.

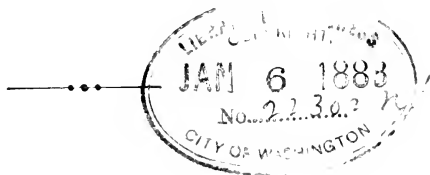
BY

AELLA GREENE,

W

AUTHOR OF

"Rhymes of Yankee Land."



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IN REMEMBRANCE OF

TWO,

WHO ARE BEAUTIFULLY ONE,

AND OF OTHERS LIKE THEM,

THIS VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

“THAT OTHER DAY.”

ESTEEMED FRIEND :

The press has informed the public that scholars eminent for their learning and bards whom America delights to call her own have given commendations concerning specimens of my rhythmic work. To these encomiums, which marked with bright significance several days of 1880 and of the present year, one who feels honored above measure now briefly refers, in order to tell you that the praiseful mention by those masters of song did not give him joy greater than that inspired by words which you spoke to him, long ago, when friends were few. These more recent days of benediction he will in future recall with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, but of that other day, when you gave cheer, no words of his can fully tell, and he borrows better verse than his own to name it a day

“ So memorably wonderful and sweet,
Its power of inspiration lingers still. ”

A. G.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 1881.

“BRIGHT ON YOUR NATIVE HILLS.”

BRIGHT on your native hills
The sun benignant beams,
Perennial down the pleasant slopes
Still sing the happy streams
Which feed yon river's tide that flows
In beauty through the vale ;
Transparent, purling brooks
Which sing of springs that never fail ;
And grand the mountains stand, as erst,
When there your kindred dwelt,
And fresh the mountain winds as airs
Their fields and forests felt.

And ye remain to keep their homes,
And guard the noble name

Earned by their share of those grand deeds

That give New England fame.

Shines their example, still, as bright

As beams the golden sun ;

Flows still their influence as pure

As mountain waters run.

So cherish ye the fame they gained,

And emulate their worth,

Your names, when ye are gone, shall live

Perennial in the earth !

“WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR
COUNTRY.”

A BOVE the grandeur of the sunsets
Which delight this earthly clime,
And the brightest of the dawns
Breaking o'er the hills of time,
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done ;

With the deep, mysterious problem
Of their earthly life made plain ;
All the bitter turned to sweetness,
All the losses turned to gain ;

And the new life's heavenly rapture
Far exceeding griefs of this ;
Earth's hard toiling all forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss !

And the music of their welcome,
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old ;
Music grander than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words,
And the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds !

THE BEAUTY OF HELPING.

GOOD friend, if every one observed

The mandate to be kind,

If all were courteous as thyself,

And helpfully inclined,

How bright a scene this earth would be,

How light life's burdens prove ;

How blithe, along life's rugged road,

Would pilgrims singing move !

Sweet resonance of sparkling streams

Would bless life's desert drear ;

And birds would sing, and flowers and fruit

With fragrance fill the air !

There is no overestimate
Of kindness to our kind,
And brightest stars will bless the man
To helpful ways inclined !

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER SWEET.”

TO girlhood's home returning,
She placed the bitter sweet
Within the grand old mansion,
Where sunbeams shadows meet.

And there her voice : “Henceforward
Be kindness all my theme ;
With constant hand dispensing,
The moments to redeem ;

“Teaching, if I have suffered,
I would the world be blest ;
Praying, if I have struggled,
The weary have good rest.

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER SWEET.”

“I thank thee, Heavenly Father—

My name thou hast kept sweet,
And, through these bitter trials,
Hast kept my ways discreet.”

The silver tresses mingling

Her raven locks among
Mean more than years ; they index
Her heart's own sorrows wrung ;

Of which, most like, she tells not,

So reticent of grief ;
As most like she hath suffered
Too deeply for belief.

Beyond that first revealing

She speaks not of her lot ;

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER SWEET.”

17

Hoping her many sorrows

By earth be all forgot !

To girlhood's home returning,

She placed the bitter sweet

Within the grand old mansion,

Where sunbeams shadows meet !

THE LESSON OF THE SEASONS.

HOW happy, sparkling in the sun,
Down hills the brooklets sing,
When April warms the flowers to life
And birds are on the wing.

Though fervid glows the solar orb,
On torrid summer days,
Yet brief its reign ere earth is blest
With milder autumn rays.

Serene October days, how pure,
How choice the joys ye bring,
In foliage bright and ripened grain,
Fulfillment of the spring !

And welcome is the later sun

That cheers November's gloom,
With foretaste, in the dying year,
Of coming breath and bloom.

Ye dearest "Indian summer" days,
Of that brief, golden time,
Imparting, ere the winter's snows,
Choice tints to autumn's rime ;

Though sad the memories that ye bring
Of wrongs by Indians done,
Poetic period of the year,
Live on, while lives the sun !

And, sing who will December drear,
Oft, in its coldest days,

Sweet hours of brightest sunshine come,
Inspiring warmest praise,

To Him who, all the seasons through,
Apportions, with kind care,
The wind and calm, the rain and snow,
And varied dark and glare—

That earth be blest with bud and bloom,
And yield abundant grain,
And mortals find each season good,
With nothing made in vain.

“WHICH HYMNS NEW ENGLAND'S
PRAISE.”

WHO partial thinks that singing is
Which hymns New England's praise,
Go read the nation's history
Through all its trial days,
And learn how well New England leads
In national affairs,
And, with good faith and loyalty,
The nation's burden bears.

So, then, full fearlessly, with joy,
Whatever banner flaunt ;
Do other rebels greet with scorn,
Or aliens with a taunt ;

We'll sing their name, whose head and heart,
And never faltering hand,
Have well upheld the stars and stripes—
God bless our Yankee land !

Oh could I be forgiven, did
My heart not turn to thee,
With gratitude and pride, dear land.
For all thou art to me !
Thine atmosphere and scenery,
Thy present, future, past ;
Thy trials first, and glory now,
To last while time shall last ?

God bless the land where I was born,
And played, a happy child,
Ere yet I saw a Southern swamp,
Or roamed a Western wild ;

And where, within a cot among

The good New England hills,

My early being was attuned

By cadence of the rills.

And in the future of my life,

Where’er my pathway lies,

Whatever lot is meted out,

Or kind, or cold my skies ;

Still evermore my song, at home,

Or on a foreign strand,

Through life, and at the honest hour—

God bless our Yankee land !

“COME, HAPPY BIRD.”

COME, happy bird of sweetest note,
Blithe bird of brightest wing,
Of one who close resembles thee,
Thy choicest matin sing.

She charms her home, as thou thy bower,
With liquid warblings sweet,
And marks each hour with words sincere,
And winsome ways discreet.

Sing, bird, so bravely and so well,
That one who seeks her hand
Shall be inspired to speak and act
The bravest in the land.

For only thus shall he attain
To favor in her eyes,
Who but withholds, that he may win,
What he esteems a prize ;

While hers is modest estimate
Of worth she may possess,
As thine, sweet warbler, of thy songs
His listening ears that bless.

Come, happy bird, of sweetest note,
Blithe bird of brightest wing,
Of one who close resembles thee,
Thy choicest matin sing.

FOR ALL LIKE THEE.

M AIDEN discreet, I give thee praise
For words select and comely ways,
And wish thee many joyous days,
And worthy friends.

May Honor win, by grand address,
The blissful good of thy caress,
And True Love come, thy heart to bless,
And Hope to cheer.

For all like thee discreetly kind
May every cloud be silver-lined ;
For them be thornless roses twined,
And evergreen !

WINSOMENESS AND WORTH.

O BLEST with innocence and health,
And wisdom far above thy years,
Who hast not felt heart-rending griefs,
Nor wept the bitter, scalding tears,—

Thou prized by all the excellent,
Thou light and joy of every home
Where friendship welcomes thee to call
Or mercy bids thee helpful come,—

Exquisite maiden, whose bright ways
Are pride of her who did thee bear,
And who, these years, with tender hand,
Hath nurtured thee with fondest care,—

Prize thou thyself, thy parents prize,
Thy home and all its quiet joys ;
And keep thee, much as in thee lies,
From earth's frivolity and noise.

Cherish the gift of thy good sense,
And earnest bravery, to keep
Thy soul from all that causes shame
And makes the watching angels weep !

For thee God grant the kindest skies,
For thee sincerest, noblest friends ;
For thee all earth's substantial good,
And heaven, when earth's ordeal ends.

For him whose worth deserves thy heart,
And whose brave ways thy heart shall win,

May brightest stars benignant beam,
For him, and all his noble kin.

O blest with innocence and health,
And wisdom far above thy years,
Thy heart be long unknown to grief,
And long thine eyes unknowing tears !

A HEROINE.

SERENEST star thy radiance shed
For one of highest worth,
A heroine whose life speaks more
Of heaven than of the earth ;

One fully fitted for the skies,
Yet well content to wait,
And work to bless this world of want,
And reach her heaven late !

Thou calm, sweet star, thy beams find not,
In any clime of earth,
More pure unselfishness than this,
Nor more exalted worth.

“OF THEE IN SONG.”

TRUE wife, sweetheart, the work that comes
* My absence to prolong
Leaves, still, one sunny hour in which
To think of thee in song.

My gratitude, dear one, for prayers
The Father answers well,
In bright, perennial hopes, of which
I have not time to tell ;

In friends who cheer me at my tasks
And pray that God will bless,
Who earnestly and constantly
Desire me full success ;

In faith to toil with courage on
And patiently to wait
For wished rewards ; in faith that God
From every cruel fate
Will keep him whom thou lov'st, and send
From heaven good angels near,
To cheer and bless the one who holds
My dear ambitions dear.

CARL CARLTON.

A TRUE man is Carl Carlton,
Who has the night express,
And one the brightest angels
Delight to guard and bless.

And noble is the woman
Who shares this Carlton's joys,
And bore, to bless his good heart,
Four bright-eyed girls and boys.

It was by gallant action
He won his lady's heart;
Not by a wealth of presents,
Nor by the courtier's art.

He was a homely rustic,
Of twenty years, or so,
A train man on the night cars,
A score of years ago.

The one who then commanded
Was cowardly and vile,
And used his place with cunning,
The sinless to beguile ;

And, with some sporting fellows,
By praise of voice and curl,
To jaunt upon the night train,
Had lured a bright-eyed girl.

They whispered basest insult
That brought a blush of shame ;

The brave man saw her peril,
His eyes with wrath aflame!

And as they neared the station,
And seized to lead away,
And, pale with fright the maiden
Began to weep and pray,

Brave Carlton's quick blows felled them,
Conductor and his crew,
And, opening the car door,
He thrust the villains through!

The passengers applauded,
And they who owned the road,
Assembled at head-quarters,
Official praise bestowed.

And Carlton was appointed
The chief man of the train,
With orders, if it need be,
To act as brave again.

A year from this occurrence,
The hero claimed the heart
He earned by gallant action
Above the courtier's art.

Her parents gave them blessing,
And wished them golden days,
And I wish all would copy
Brave Carlton's noble ways.

THE BAY STATE'S FORTY-SECOND.

WHEN, erst, the nation was besieged

By armed rebellious toemen,

And peace had fled, and skies were dark

With every direful omen ;

And Lincoln, from the capitol,

For aid so wistful beckoned,

Not least among the men to march

The Bay state's Forty-second !

Now that the din of war is done,

And glad the war cloud 's risen,

They come with thought of camp and field,

And of the rebel prison !

They gather here for hearty words,
In kindly interest spoken
To make the bands of friendship strong,
That never may be broken !

Should Treason arm again its hosts,
To fill the land with trouble,
Her deepest schemes of ill would prove
An evanescent bubble ;
For those brave men would rise again
And march, with others like them,
To capture quick the forts and guns
And ever more to spike them.

And, wishing you much earthly joy,
And entrance late to heaven,
I speak this sincere offering,
In rhythmic numbers given,

By one who deems it pleasant fame
That he is welcome reckoned,
A member, in good standing, with
The Bay state's Forty-second !

CLARK AND THE TWENTY-FIRST.

WHEN Colonel Clark of Amherst
Was major in the field,
Contending, in the South-land,
To make the rebels yield,
The general said, " Brave major,
You and the Twenty-first
Must charge the rebels yonder,
Where they will do their worst ! "

Then prompt the major uttered
The simple answer " Yes ! "
And bravely they moved forward
Whom we delight to bless.

There, on the isle of Roanoke,

Clark and the Twenty-first

Discomfited the rebels,

Who did their bitter worst.

Then, in the rebel stronghold.

The Bay State flag was placed.

And bright a starry banner

The rebel fortress graced.

And through much more of warring

Clark and his men were true ;

They went forth strong a thousand,

They came a war-worn few !

The angels kept the leader

Who dared the thickest fight

And fought to hold the colors

And keep our honor bright.

Then, much the rebels hated,
And often, since, have cursed,
Whom we delight to honor.

Clark and the Twenty-first.

God bless all gallant soldiers
Who battled for the flag,
And conquered, in the South-land,
Them of the rebel rag ;
And through our glorious future,
Be songs to all who, erst,
In bravery resembled

Clark and the Twenty-first.

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

YE soldiers of the flag, who fought
To save the nation's life,
And home returned with honor's scars,
When closed the fearful strife,
As gaze ye on the graves where sleep
The men with you allied,
Who fell before the victory came—,
To honor those who died,
Your powers and time re-dedicate
To deeds of noblest worth ;
That thus your country's flag shall be
The grandest in the earth.

A HERO'S GRAVE.

A CHRISTIAN, comrade, son, and friend
Is slumbering 'neath this sod ;
His form is there, his name with us,
His spirit with his God.

Fit place it is for hero's grave,
Where mountain zephyrs play ;
Where fair ones bring the choicest flowers,
And good men pause to pray.

To designate his sepulcher,
We raise this shaft, but trust
His deeds shall live when monuments
Are crumbled into dust.

THE IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL moves the lofty one
Along the Fashion street,
His head in pain from hitting stars,
While boys with laughter greet
His supercilious presence cold
And manners of the sky ;
The common folk award him space,
And dogs his coming fly !

Proud peacocks, jealous of his style,
Have much discussed a plan
To free themselves, and rid the earth,
Of this sublimest man.

May heavenly powers their hatred thwart,
And cool their mighty ire,
Spare him from griefs of common men
And from the final fire !

Give him above a lofty seat,
And caution Gabriel well
To quench such jealousy as plunged
Prince Lucifer to hell ;
Old Lucifer, who fell from power
At less offending pride
Than that by which, if this one rise,
Good Gabriel will be tried !

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WHEN William Williams walks abroad
He trips along so proud,
And steps so dainty on the street
Rude people laugh aloud.

These lines expressive of regret
That they should think to scorn
The man for whom the earth was made
And stars the skies adorn !

For whom the Summer solstice burns ;
For whom the Winter's cold,
The verdure of the pleasant Spring,
And Autumn's red and gold !

A man of ancient family,
Whom heraldry correct
Points backward, to a crown and throne,
Through ancestry direct.

And, still, when Williams walks abroad
He has a gait so proud,
And steps so dainty on the street,
The rude will laugh aloud !

THE CRITICS.

THE wicked wish some critics have,
And knack, and greed, to kill,
May pass quite readily for taste,
And evidence of skill ;

But were there none to write a verse,
Or paragraph of prose,
How critics then would pass their time,
Is more than mortal knows.

They might ascend the upper spheres,
To criticise the stars,
And teach good manners and good sense
To Jupiter and Mars ;

Then clip away old Saturn's rings

And set him bounds to run ;

Or venture near the solar fires,

To regulate the sun !

And should these critics go to Heaven

Their joy would be to tell

How saints might tune their harps correct

And sing hosannas well !

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

THESE lines to tell thee, bards
Who sing for all the listening land,
And sages wise and famed, had named
Felicitous and grand
The verse on which thou didst
Invoke an ignominious fate,
And, with high scornful wrath, declare
Unworthy of thy hate !

Then thou, with thy gray eyes
Quick twinkling in their greedy glee,
And rubbing thy cold palms, didst look,
Expectant long to see

Before thee, suppliant still,

Thy victim bow in further prayer,
And then his trembling form begin
Dissolving into air !

Instead, at equipoise,

He gazed the while in high delight
On thy hard face, then left thee there
All powerless in thy might !

Although thou gav'st him joy,

He does not thank thee for the bliss ;
That verse to thee seemed lacking fire ;
Grim critic, say, does this ?

AMONG THE LISBON HILLS.

TO G. H. A.

TRUE-HEARTED friend, whose greeting kind
Transforms the town, to me,
From busy Babel, to a place
Of fountain, flower, and tree ;
From me bear words of cheer to her
Who taught thee noble ways,
And say I wish that she may have
Serenest sunset days
In Lisbon village, 'mong the hills,
Where, erst, she taught her boy
In deeds of gentleness and trust
To find his highest joy !

And say I pray his noble ways

Full many more may lead,

Throughout their lives to bless their kind,

By helpful word and deed.

And tell to her my hopes to greet,

If favoring Heaven wills,

The mother of my faithful friend,

Among the Lisbon hills.

A GOLDEN DAY.

MOST joyous day when kindred, good,
And old acquaintance dear,
Assemble with fit tokens, kind,
And words of hearty cheer,

To greet and bless the aged pair
Who fifty years ago,
Took vows to share each other's lot,
Or be it joy or woe.

Ye silvered ones, as ye review
These fifty toilsome years,
How brief appear their flitting scenes
Of varied joys and tears !

And yet, with grandest meaning fraught,
Was golden every day,
With rest for all the toil, and sun
To drive each cloud away.

And, grateful that good Providence
Hath kept you hitherto,
We pray the angels guard your steps
The earthly journey through.

OUR FAITH, HIS STAR.

HOW blessed to believe in men ;
It lifts us out earth's dust ;

That which we trust a man to be
We make the man we trust.

Our faith his sun succeeding storm,
Spring after Winter's blast ;
Heaven's health and peace, when war
And pestilence are past ;

Sweet, joy-inspiring airs, to drive
The desert's torrid breath ;
Verdure and singing birds in place
Of barrenness and death !

Our faith for him a star of hope,

Salvation and its cause ;

The dispensation following

The prophets and the laws.

For him our faith shall bring the good

Proclaimed by angel song,

The dawn at night which shall extend

Through all his years along !

THEE AND THINE.

THE thought of thee and thine gives cheer,

And aids that I the nobler be ;

And that thou holdest thine so dear,

Enhances thee and thine to me :

Thy mother, sweeter for her years ;

A sister beaming with delight ;

And with thee, one whom love endears,

And clustering offspring good and bright !

And when thou tellest me, with pride,

How nobly toiled thy mother, erst,

That hers with her might all abide ;

And foiled with widow's hands the worst

That fortune and false friends could do
To break the circle of her home ;
I glow with thee that she was true,
And wish her bright, good years to come !

THINE.

TO — C —.

THINE be a pride in that grand state,
Where ruled thy kindred well ;
And where may all thy kith and kin
In peace and safety dwell.

Thine be ambition high to keep
Select thy father's name,
Within the town thy father built,
And where he built his fame ;

Wherein mayst thou have during peace,
Good gains, true friends and home ;
And where, for thee, if days be dark,
Be brighter days to come.

Thine be that most selectest bliss

Among the joys of earth,

The blessed consciousness they have,

Who honor work and worth,

And find their words and timely deeds.

From darkness and duress,

Have cheered and led deserving men

To sunlight and success !

Thine, then, shall be all earthly good :

For thee will constant shine

Protecting stars, till death, and then

May heavenly joys be thine.

THEY MEET AGAIN.

“ I ’LL greet my old-time lover,
Come, brother, drive away ;
I ’ll greet my old-time lover,
On this most charming day !

“ His home is in these landscapes
Where we the season keep ;
I know he ’ll greet me kindly ;
But will we joy or weep ?

“ Ours be a pleasant meeting ;
Our words be true and plain ;
And I ’ll be wise and chary,
To give his wife no pain.

“ Though sad and though unwedded,
I’ll be quite blithe to-day,
And greet my old-time lover ;
Come, brother, drive away ! ”

The roadsters knew their errand
And grandly coursed along,
As sweep the waves of music
In a majestic song.

And, at her brother’s asking,
One neared the carriage side,
To greet his old-time sweetheart,
Who had not been a bride.

With earnest words, and wishes
That were not spoken loud,

And eyes a little tearful,

And spirits far from proud !

They asked each other's welfare,

Spoke of old scenes and new ;

Referred to friends still living,

And some beneath the yew ;

Then bade adieu so bravely

It was a scene to paint,

Unmarred by foolish sighing

Or plaint to match a plaint !

They wished each other blessing

Through all the coming days ;

And I, who sing, bespeak them

Abundant cause for praise !

“TOO MANY HEARTS ARE SAD TO-NIGHT.”

TOO many hearts are sad, to-night,
I may not dance to music light.

They're sad from hunger and from pain,
And sad from sin's polluting stain.

Low down in cellars, up the stairs,

Where freely pass the winter airs ;

'Neath wretched shed, and in the street,

Where pelt the piercing storms of sleet,

Are pallid cheeks, and sunken eyes,

And forms that never more may rise.

Too many hearts are sad to-night,

I cannot dance to music light,

But some will wake, if moved aright,

To noble purpose and brave deed,

And nobly with their duty speed,
Achieving full, complete success,
While all the world, admiring, bless.
All this, if, now, right words I say,
While you and like companions gay
In dizzy waltzing whirl away !
Too many hearts are sad to-night ;
I will not dance to music light !

ANENT A FINE OLD TOWN.

THIS fine shire town of Franklin,

 This Deerfield valley gem,

This home of cultured people

 Has one thing to condemn,—

The witching wine-cup curses

 With darkness and distress ;

But honor's pledges, honored,

 Will brighten and will bless

This charming town in Franklin,

 This Deerfield valley gem,

Where dwell the grandest people—

 With one thing to condemn !

These workers for the people

 And servants of the Lord,

To labor here in Franklin

Good welcome we accord—

Welcome to dear old Greenfield,

This Deerfield valley gem,

Where dwell the grandest people,

With one thing to condemn !

Where with humane endeavor,

Wise, earnest, and with hope,

Shall be no more remaining

The most accursed cup !

Then, in their noble mission,

These servants of the Lord,

To labor here in Franklin,

Full welcome we accord—

To raise and cheer the fallen,

And point the way aright

From bondage into freedom,
From darkness to the light ;
Until, in grand old Greenfield,
This Deerfield valley gem,
This home of worthy people,
There's nothing to condemn !

CONCERNING ONE YOU LOVE.

YOU ask me, sir, for stanzas
Concerning one you love ;

The angel of your home life,
Companion and your dove ;

An artist of rare merit,
Yet versed in household cares ;
Wise helpmeet, whose right counsel
Well aids your own affairs ;

A lady in whose presence
Your heart is ever strong,
And one you well might reckon
Above the highest song !

So, then, as you have deemed me
Sufficient for the task,
I speak her worth in numbers,
As you were kind to ask ;

And wish her skill as artist
Bring praise and good reward,
And both your lives be guarded
By angels of the Lord.

THE SPECIAL CHARGE.

A BIBLE SCHOOL our special charge,
Wherein the little and the large,
Shall sweetest truths of Scripture learn ;
Do greatest work, nor smallest spurn ;
But deem it ever pleasant lot,
To gather in from hall and cot,
From way-side stroll, or nursery door,
The children of the rich and poor,
And teach them, from the gospel word,
The record of the blessed Lord,
Who came to earth and took our dust,
And died, to give us chance to trust.
No bashful boy outside our door,
Shall weep that no one prizes more—

That none ask him to come within
The walls designed to fence out sin.
We welcome each, and welcome all,
And at the joy-inspiring call,
Of mellow bell on Sabbath morn,
When brightest smiles his face adorn,
And at the eve, and through the week,
Each teacher will for learners seek,
And seek them gladly, grandly, too,
As angels highest errands do !

THE GOOD-BYE.

A FRIEND, well wed, and happy now
As when he took a husband's vow,
Gives noble sanction to my verse,
In asking that my pen rehearse
A message, daily growing dear,
Of olden love, and faith, and fear.
Would all who love were wise as he
Who speaks these tender thoughts to me,
And true mate won with him to dwell
By grandly saying, thus, farewell !
“ Good-bye dear girl ; a kind good-bye ;
I cannot tell the reason why
Thou canst refuse to bless my heart,
And hope and cheerfulness impart.

Why is it thus ? why must it be ?
That I no more may hope for thee.
Nay, 'tis not thus ; God rules not so ;
How adverse earth, what winds do blow,
Still, for each one, He rules o'er all,
Who sees the wounded sparrow fall.
He sends as often joy as grief,
And for each woe vouchsafes relief ;
Designs, and brings, each dreaded ill,
With sweetest joy our cup to fill.
In this dear, trying, school of love
Dissent, perchance, is meant to prove
How much I love thee, and how well ;
So thou thy heart may wisely tell.
This being so, no more good-bye ;
Love brings me faith that tells me why ;
A blessed, high, perennial trust,
In thee as true, and God as just."

WISELY KIND.

ACCEPT, true lady, kind and wise,
From me a grateful line,
Inscribed, in heartfelt praise, to worth
And noble deeds of thine.

Sincere thy words, and fitly said ;
They guide, encourage, cheer ;
Dispel the darkness of defeat,
With hope displacing fear.

Some kindnesses are burdensome,
And are designed as debts ;
Not thine, the favors which, bestowed,
He who receives, regrets.

Like pleasant rain thy blessings come,
 Refreshing as the dew ;
Delightful as the morning sun,
 Or as the upper blue.

Ah ! faithful friend, how fair the earth,
 In every clime would be,
Did all possess and practice, too,
 Unselfishness like thee.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

TO faith's clear sunshine, for relief,
Let us lead all the sons of grief ;
Into the sunshine for relief ;

From out the dark of doubt's deep night
Away to faith's clear morning light,
Out of the dark of doubt's deep night.

Into the sunshine, with a song ;
Their cold hands take, and lead along,
Into the sunshine with a song !

Give them the sunshine of your trust ;
If they have joy you surely must
Bestow the sunshine of your trust.

There in that sunshine give them bloom ;
For roses there is always room,
And in this sunshine roses bloom.

Live in the sunshine while you live,
To all the sad your sunshine give,
Live in sweet sunshine while you live.

Into the sunshine, when you die,
Into glad sunshine of the sky ;
Into God's sunshine when you die !

ALWAYS WITH THEE.

IN sunny days of childhood playing,
When life was all one scene of Maying,
And thou hadst not a thought of straying,
God blessed thee then.

Forgiving all thy youthful sinning,
He helped thee to a manly winning
Good triumphs o'er a bad beginning,
And helps thee still,

That in the strife which ceaseth never,
Demanding watch and warring ever,
Thou do, by manliest endeavor,
The victor be.

THE BRIGHT BELIEF.

IF sore discouraged and distressed,
With sorrows and with cares oppressed,
And sins confessed, and unconfessed,
And every ill,

The heart were struggling for relief,
And found no succor from its grief,
In buoyant trust, and bright belief,—
How sad the earth !

But rules reverse of these obtain,
Nor mortal suffered yet in vain,
A trivial, nor the largest pain,
Nor ever will.

So let the troubled take new heart,
Learn well of suffering the art,
Nor shun to share a generous part
 In life's good griefs !

The saddest his of all estates,
And slave is he to dreadest fates,
And farthest he from heavenly gates,
 Whom doubt doth rule !

But, sad one, if thou triest to trust,
In spite of all earth's dark and dust,—
Though midst them living, as thou must,—
 Thou liv'st above,—

Then fiends that strive shall strive in vain
Control of thy good soul to gain,

And Hope, true angel, for thee deign
Her constant aid.

For none hath God the tender care
He ever shows for those who bear
Of life's worst woes abundant share,
Enduring well.

Enduring gives the power t'endure,
With skill to make life's troubles fewer.
And suffering makes the sufferer pure,—
So welcome ill.

Bright after clouds there comes the sun,
And sweetest rest when work is done,
True peace is but by warring won,—
True wealth by toil !

How blessed is this bright belief,
That joy which cometh after grief,
Is sweetest joy, and is not brief,

Like other joys !

Inspiring, grand and true the thought,
That bliss by bitter trials bought,
Is nearer unto heaven than aught

On earth beside !

THE NEW IOY.

WITH sincerest gladness,
Turn thou from thy sadness,
Which caused almost madness,
And sing for joy.

Cease, hero, thy grieving ;
Begin the retrieving ;
Thy works and believing
Shall make thee strong.

Thy trial completed,
Where thou wast defeated
To thee shalt be meted
Earth's noblest praise.

TRIED AND TRUE.

O GIVEN by fiends the gall to drink,
 And sweeter grown for all they send,
 A kind and watchful Providence
 Will soon proclaim the ordeal's end ;
 Yet call thee not from earth above,
 But ask thee, wearied one, take rest ;
 And that thy restless eyes may close,
 Command that from the roseate west
 Angels reposeful influence sweet
 Pour forth, to give thy spirit calm,
 And others send, on zephyrs borne,
 To soothe thy troubled heart with balm
 Angelic ones shall sentinel
 Thy rest, and fragrance waft, till day,

Shall brightly break and bid thee, glad,

Thy grateful orisons to pay ;

Refreshed, inhale the ambrosial air

And walk beneath a happy sky,

Inspired, by carol of the birds

And songs of brooks that murmur by,

With faith that heaven will bless thy days,

Each westering sun bring peaceful sleep,

And every morn new evidence

That angels tender watch-care keep !

Heroic sufferer, who hast borne

The burden of a broken heart,

Patiently, artlessly, and yet

With all the dignity of art,

While so intent to bless the world

None knew what woes thy own heart had—

Deep, bitter griefs, which, told above, .

Would make the heavenly singers sad,—

*

Soon shalt thou learn the gracious truth,

Through griefs and cares which here annoy,

Heaven builds the path by which thy feet

Shall reach the highest hills of joy !

A TRIBUTE.

O THOUGHT supreme of grand delight !

My country's bards have said

That words which my poor pen has traced

Are worthy to be read !

And he who rules Columbia's realm

Has given his bright name,

To tell the world a song of mine

Is not unworthy fame !

With rhythmic record of these joys

This truth, ye friends of mine,

Had ye not been the friends ye are,

I had not penned a line

Which could command the hearty praise
Those high-born singers give
For numbers brief of mine that tell
The harmonies ye live.

And thou, true friend of other days,
And true through all these years
Of Fortune's oft recurring frowns,
And varied hopes and fears,
Had I, in this grand hour, the harp
On which in rapture hung
The men who heard when that great bard,
Sublimest Milton sung,

Then might I dare to try to sing,
In fitting terms of praise,
Thou man of high and sterling worth,
The grandeur of thy ways,

And goodness of thy heart sincere,
Whose faith will make sublime
Such words as even I can bring
To speak of thee in rhyme !

Accept, selectest man I know,
Who met my sadder years,
And all unmindful of thy griefs,
Was mindful of my tears ;
Whose kindness, when but few were kind,
And noble gentleness,
Came so refreshingly to me,
And royally did bless ;

Accept the gratitude, too small,
My heart would offer thee,
For thine example and thine aid
So freely granted me ;

The heartiest words and kindest deeds,

So wisely, freely given,

Imparting to my bitterest hours

A foretaste of my heaven.

Once, scorned by those whom I had blest,

And doubted for my trust,

My pleasant plans were broken all,

My hopes were in the dust.

Then thou didst cheer me—blessed hour !

And sacred be the spot

When earth's ignoble men are both

Forgiven and forgot !

THE INNER SIGHT.

FOLLOW thine intuitions,
They always lead thee right ;
In all of thine ambitions
Heed thou the inner sight.

Whatever to that vision
Seems duty, for thee, do ;
No matter what derision
The doing leads thee through.

And derision it will bring thee,
Ere the world shall understand,
And their tardy praises sing thee
Whom they had gladly banned ;

They who would joy to shame thee
 And chill thy heart with fright,
 Did not thy grit proclaim thee
 Superior to their might.

Brave one, thine intuitions
 Shall always lead thee right ;
 In all of thine ambitions
 Heed thou the inner sight !

Directed by that vision
 Thy duty bravely do ;
 The glow from thy decision
 Shall light and lead thee through.

Whatever the monitions
 Thou hear'st within thee, heed ;

That thou to have contritions
May never have the need.

The Father is forgiving,
If thou repentest sin ;
Yet most He loves that living
Which hath no falseness in.

IN BERKSHIRE.

WHEN next the heated term returns
And high the summer solstice burns,
Our hearts shall find supreme delight
In breezes on some Berkshire height ;
And neither shall our visit fail
In Housatonic's pleasant vale,
Where days shall peaceful come and go
As star-strewn streams of dreamland flow.
When Lenox and its lakes are done
Our coach shall drive to Barrington,
The home of cultured men of note,
The fine old town where Bryant wrote ;
Where urban folk the season pass
Amid the maples and the grass,

With finely alternated scene
Of furrowed field and meadows green;
Ancient estates preserved with care,
And mountains high, and valleys fair,
Gemmed with cascades and sparkling springs—
A fit resort for bards or kings.

“THE STARS HAVE HEARD.”

FULL oft the stars have heard thee say
Thou think'st him grand and true,
Yet never hadst thou dared to hope
That he would love thee too.

To thee, unconscious of thy charms,
Unthinking of thy worth,
'Twas wonder that for him thy love
Should make a heaven of earth.

Thou winsome one, sincere and sweet,
So frank, and yet so coy,—
If strange it seems, yet 'tis not strange
Thy love should give him joy!

THE GRANITE STATE.

GOOD people from the Granite state,

I wish you pleasant days,

And better bards to sing for you

Full meed of fitting praise;

To paint the scenery of your state,

And tell its noble fame;

And sing the men of whose grand deeds

Its lasting glory came;

Brave Stark of far colonial times,

Who fought at Bennington,

And men by whom, and like of whom,

The later wars were won;

And those whose god-like eloquence
 So charmed the listening land ;
And they whose statesmanship appears
 Complete, colossal, grand.

Good people from the Granite state,
 I wish you pleasant days,
And better bards to sing for you
 Full meed of fitting praise.

REMINISCENCES.

WE count above our common good,
Selectest of our joys,

Remembrances of those dear days

When you and I were boys,

And when, perfumed with clover bloom,

Our early moments ran,

And happy in the song of birds

We journeyed up to man.

What other cure the world prescribes,

By far the safest, best,

Is glancing at our early days,

Is retrospect and rest.

From cares and crowds of urban life,

From traffic of the town ;

From wearying toil in dust and din,

From griefs that weigh you down ;

From present ill, and future dread,

And all that fetters thee,

Come to the country and the past,

Be innocent and free.

Review the scenes of early days

With fondness and with care,

The neighborhood once all your world,

And every object there :

The pansied yard, the slant well sweep,

And apple orchard near ;

The ancient farm house, broad and red,
By many memories dear ;

The hay-field and the pasture wide,
The fences by the lane ;
The thick-leaved maples where you hid
When pattered down the rain ;

The road where erst the stage-coach ran,
Which joyed you as it passed,
The coach high-set on thoroughbrace,
And built to have it last ;

The mountain road-way, steep and rough,
On which you trudged to school,
To "make your manners" and to learn
Hard Colburn's sum and rule ;

The school-house near the beechen grove ;
The neighboring lumber-mill ;
The home-made hand-sled, and the joys
Of coasting down the hill ;

The autumn woods and golden maize,
And old Thanksgiving day ;
The winter wood-pile at the door
And drifts that choked the way ;

Strict Sundays at the hill-top church,
Staid deacons in their pews,
The preacher in his lofty place,
Discoursing gospel news ;

And Sunday noons, with sermon done,
And benediction said,

When we, in that dear scripture class,
“The Word” together read.

Wise counsel, then, the teacher gave,
That angel of our youth,
If pointedly, yet tenderly,
To carry home the truth.

His sympathetic face dispelled
Our bashfulness and fears,
Glowed at recital of our joys
And saddened at our tears;

And fragrant will the memory be
Of our devoted friend,
Till that good town and all of earth
In nothingness shall end!

And one was in that Sunday class

Who felt a call to preach,

And proved it true by saving those

Whom others could not reach.

With men on every hand who wished

The gospel plan explained,

He did not tarry long at school,

Nor wait to be ordained,

But went to work with earnestness

And strove his best to win

Some trophy for the Lord he loved

By leading those from sin

Who near him dwelt and whom he thought

In value quite the worth

Of those who lived across the seas
In corners of the earth.

The hamlet school-house where he preached
To half a hundred men
Would hardly hold the throngs his words
Have won to grace since then.

Unlike ambitious pulpiteers
Who preach and pray for fame,
He did not seek the praise of men,
Nor glory when it came.

But, stronger grown with his success,
Nor vain amid applause,
He keeps his great and growing powers
Devoted to his cause.

Another of that Sunday band
Has lived for self alone,
And reached, at last, the height he sought,
The politician's throne.

Ambitious man of place, the years
Of innocence review,
And see how far your selfishness,
From righteous ways and true,
Has led you on, through doubtful schemes
And crooked paths, to power
Which founded seems, but which must fail
When comes the trial hour,

And leave you naught but bitterness
And keen remorse for ways

At variance with the pleasant scenes
That gem your early days.

Among the quaint habitués
Whose words the hamlet cheered,
Welcome at huskings and the "bees,"
The story man appeared.

Glad on their journey to the school,
The pupils heard him tell
Of famous men who once were boys
And learned their lessons well,

And were quite sure to reach at last
A place at Washington,
Where many mighty laws were made,
And other things were done!

Although you little knew or dreamed

What were the "other things,"

Have you until to-day remained

Quite innocent of "rings?"

The other school tasks done, you said

"Set" answers that were given

Anent the worthies of the state,

And good men gone to heaven.

With veneration you pronounced

The ancient Briggs's name,

But have you copied in your life

His honest steps to fame?

The shed remains wherein you sawed

The beech and maple wood,

Where cart and farming tools were kept
And where that grind-stone stood,

Which brings to you sad memories
Of axes hard to grind,
And in hot days, the scythe, to try
The temper of your mind!

Often you vowed when older grown,
Machinery should serve
To do the work that over-taxed
Your adolescent nerve.

But other themes than labor aids
Have moved your mind since then,
And you have had your axes ground
By various sorts of men!

You must recall quaint "Major" Brown,
Who led a roving life
Since, years before, death claimed the girl
Pledged for "the major's" wife.

And you remember when they laid
This "Major" Brown to rest,
How reverent near the open grave
The neighbors kindly pressed ;

While all the failings of his life
In pity were forgot,
And all his worth was magnified
With worth that he had not.

Although, to-day, you feel above
Such broken men of grief,

So "great" they ought to prize the pence

You dole for their relief,

When, at the coming call of death,

You journey out of town,

Will people think as well of you

As erst of "Major" Brown?

Ambitious man of place, the scenes

Of innocence review,

And once again return to walk

In righteous ways and true.

WORDS FROM THE PRESS.

Of Mr. Aella Greene's new volume of poems, the press speaks thus :

INTO THE SUNSHINE is the very happy title of a new volume recently issued by Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield, who goes about his daily duties of newspaper life always with a song in his heart, a smile on his face, and a pleasant word for everybody he meets. His new volume takes its sentiment and coloring from his upright, blameless and busy life, and is appropriately christened "Into the Sunshine." Mr. Greene has published another volume of poems which has a prominent place on the center tables of the best people of the times, and his name is a household word among a large circle of friends in the Connecticut valley. Poems in his new volume have won words of warm commendation from some of the acknowledged best writers of the day. The keynote of the beautiful blending of the soul and song of the writer is effectively touched in this extract from one of the poems of his new volume :

Live in the sunshine while you live,
To all the sad your sunshine give,
Live in the sunshine while you live.

—*Berkshire Courier.*

Mr. Aella Greene's volume of poems, INTO THE SUNSHINE, is the collection to which we recently referred as having received the warm commendation of President Garfield, the poet Whittier, and other eminent men. The poems are imbued with the hearty, healthy, honest spirit of a genuine New England faith and courage, and while there is not lacking a cordial contempt for mean and unworthy deeds the general drift of the volume is happily expressed in its title, INTO THE SUNSHINE.—*New England Homestead.*

Some of these poems have received warm praise from high quarters, and all of them possess decided merit. They indicate a mind quick to perceive the beautiful in nature and the good there is in humanity.—*Berkshire County Eagle.*

Mr. Greene, since Dr. Holland's death, stands without a peer as the delineator of New England life and scenery.—*Ibid.*

All the poems are marked by Mr. Greene's strong originality, his characteristic sincerity and his rugged good sense.—*Holyoke Herald.*

"Bright on your Native Hills" has the fragrance and the rich beauty of the New England landscape and rivulets of which it tells.—*Windham County, Vt., Reformer.*

More and more the true poetic intuition.—*Vermont Phoenix*.

Bright flashes of wit and sentiment, whose striking characteristics of originality and simplicity will be greatly admired by all lovers of genuine poetry.—*Athol Transcript*.

Very complimentary things have been said by poets known the world over, concerning some of Mr. Greene's poems. Mr. Whittier terms them "very happy." May the muse of this poet of our valley long continue to sing.—*Greenfield Gazette*.

Mr. Greene has a real poetic vein.—*Springfield Republican*.

The poems of the new book are pure in sentiment and unaffected in expression. A few pieces, like the portrait of "William Williams" and the sketch of "The Critics" are neatly sarcastic: but the majority are thoughtful, reflective verse.—*Holyoke Transcript*.

Prof. J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire, the best literary critic in the Granite State, refers to Mr. Greene's rhythmic work as "real poetry in thought and expression;" and concerning it that scholar statesman, the illustrious JAMES A. GARFIELD, before he ascended "Where the Noble have their Country," made his estimate as "sweet" and "bright," giving the author permission to send these facts to the world coupled with the Garfield name. The celebrated divine and scholar, Bishop Simpson, said of "Always with Thee," and others of the poems, "I prize them as specimens of good poetry;" and President W. F. Warren adds his commendation, wishing the "author many hours of equally happy inspiration."

The following is a specimen of the announcements of the press prior to the issuing of the first edition of INTO THE SUNSHINE, in 1881:

The friends of Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield, Mass., rejoice with him in the well merited encomiums which crown his muse with the fadeless wreath. Two of his happiest productions are characterized by Whittier as possessing "a true feeling of poetry and much rhythmical felicity." Three other American poets of national fame bear emphatic testimony to the high character of these productions, and four of our most distinguished college presidents—Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins among the number—accord to this author his deserved meed of praise. The chair of literature in a Scotch university contributes to his crown of rejoicing, and, mingling with these tenderly treasured encomiums, are the congratulations of governors, statesmen, and divines, who refer to them, in so many words, as "above all price." Only a few of Mr. Greene's personal friends have hitherto known of the honors accorded to his muse, and the facts are just getting beyond that circle. It is whispered that a new volume of poems is soon to be issued containing the gems that have won for him so great and such deserved approbation.—*The Household*.

Concerning Mr. Aella Greene's previous venture in verse, "Rhymes of Yankee Land," a book noting persons and incidents in the valley threaded by the Connecticut River road and bright with the shining waters of the "sweetest stream that flows," a volume issued in 1872, there were many praiseful words from press and people; and the book ran through several editions, and became known far beyond the New England section of America, whose homes and hills furnished the originals of the characters and scenes. A journal in the Mississippi valley said of the book: "It is fragrant with simplicity and originality of style and sings as charmingly as a bird in the forest the sweet carols of every-day life." An Illinois journal found "sketches by a master hand," and the Battle Creek, Mich., Journal noted in the poems a "rare rhythmical beauty," words which remind of what, eight years later, one of America's bards of world-wide fame said of Mr. Greene's efforts. The Springfield Republican thought it "creditable to Mr. Greene that, in an imitative age, when every singer has more or less of the mocking bird, he has held fast to his own experience and his own arrangement of metres and tropes." The Congregationalist spoke thus: "Of all the New England friends to whom the volume is dedicated there cannot be one who will not be gratified with the contents." It was the St. Johnsbury, Vt., Caledonian that found the utterances fitted to "lighten care and brighten life;" the Adams Transcript found the book to "overflow with the life of the farm, the school and the meeting-house;" and the Providence Journal characterized the work as "unique, original and truthful." The St. Albans, Vt., Messenger remarked: "Mr. Greene knows how to dispense with superfluity, and his poems, severely simple and strictly true in thought and utterance, show genius and care, and breathe upon us the pure atmosphere of industrious, cultivated New England." The Berkshire Eagle discovered in the book "merit of a high order," and thirty other journals spoke in the same strain.

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